"Under ordinary conditions the aged and infirm are never abandoned, as Hanbury says. (5) Haviron, who died in the spring of 1915, received a regular dole of food from all his kinsmen throughout the winter, though he was confined to his hut during the whole period and could do nothing to help himself. Whenever the Eskimos migrated to another sealing-ground he was carried on one of the sleds, usually, but not always, his son's. In Victoria island we once left Tusayok's old wife all alone for several days with her tent and clothing and a stock of drying meat, because she was unable to maintain the constant travelling. She had an ample supply of food, and was perfectly happy and content, for she knew that her husband and son would rejoin her as soon as they were able. In times of extreme hardship, when the whole community is faced with starvation, I have no doubt that the Copper Eskimos would abandon the old and infirm without much hesitation, but it has apparently never been a regular custom with them, as it was among other Eskimos."

"5. Hanbury, p. 156."

2: Stefansson--131 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
888

"To whatever extent the abandonment of the aged and the exposing of children does exist, it may be considered a direct result of the scarcity of food, for it is found rarely or not at all in such prosperous, well-fed communities as those of Cape Smythe (Point Barrow) and the Mackenzie Delta, while among all inlanders it is so common as to scarcely induce comment."

13: Jenness--89
116, 888

(1914-1916) 1917

Copper Eskimo

"The aged and infirm are not abandoned, as is the case among some Eskimo tribes, but receive the utmost kindness and consideration."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

224 bones. More embarrassing still, Icehouse insisted on
123 frying me the liver in back fat, as I had often done for myself; only instead of pounding the fat between two stones before she placed it in the pan, she made quite sure that it would melt by chewing it!

484 During our march south, Ikpuck and The Runner
313 visited the coast to search for driftwood, returning with a fine plank that had probably washed overboard from some vessel. So unusual a prize led to consider-
322 able discussion. At first they proposed to convert it
411 into two sled-runners, since it required less shaping than the rude logs they generally trimmed down for that purpose; but as both their sleds were in good condition they finally decided to make fish-spears, and Ikpuck split the plank carefully from end to end by means of small wedges of antler driven home with a heavy stone. He then split each section, obtaining four stout poles which he planed and smoothed with his hunting-knife. The care he expended on the task, and his manifest joy at its successful completion, made me realize the handicap under which these people laboured through the scarcity of wood in their country. If I may compare his fish-spears with a product of our own civilization, each pole had the value of a first-class magazine rifle.

361 All was well in our old camp at Bad Creek, where The
888 Listener's wife had stayed to dry our meat; if anxiety
888 or loneliness had troubled her during her nine days'

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

solitary vigil, it certainly left no traces in her appearance or mode of greeting. Her people, unlike other Eskimo tribes, never voluntarily abandoned the aged and infirm to die of cold and starvation, but prolonged their closing years with loving care. Parents and children were united by tender bonds that neither time nor distance dissolved. I once witnessed the chance meeting of an old woman with her middle-aged son who had been living in a remote tribe for many years; the stalwart hunter knelt in the snow at her feet, and, as she raised her jacket, reverently touched with his lips the breast that had nourished him in childhood.

A little north of our camp, Bad Creek cut through an outcrop of dolomite, forming a narrow S-shaped cañon a quarter of a mile long and forty feet deep. The locality was very familiar to my companions. From a ledge just under the brow of the cliff we dropped our hooks into a deep pool, and in a few hours hauled out seven large trout. (Whether any trout remained in the pool all winter, or whether they ascended to a lake before the freeze-up, I do not know; above and below there was less than three feet of water in the stream, which would freeze to the bottom before Christmas.) A gravel beach at the outlet of the cañon contained numerous pebbles of iron pyrites, used by the natives for striking fire; and a neighbouring meadow was white with the seeds of the cotton-grass that supplied both tinder and wicks for the lamps. The